



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,
AND HER R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

To know the cause why music was ordained
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

NOV. 1, 1838. No. CXXXVIII.—NEW SERIES, No. XLIV. PRICE 3s.

SUCH of our readers as may have glanced at the advertising columns of the Atlas newspaper, have probably noticed in them the resuscitation of a book, which ten years ago made some noise in musical society, but which has long since gone the way of all tours and books of the day—to wit, : “A ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by the Musical Editor of the Atlas.” As we ourselves stand in a sort of paternal relation to that volume, and are indeed answerable for whatever of bad or good it contains, some things in this announcement have raised our admiration ; first, that a little book that has lain for nine years or thereabout unadvertised, should be again thrust into notice when the public interest in it is decayed, and when many of the persons referred to in it are dead, together with one of its proprietors ; secondly, that the title should be altered without consent asked of the author, who assuredly when he parted with the copyright of his work never dreamed of permitting such a liberty ; thirdly, that this alteration of the original title page from “By a Musical Professor” to “By the Musical Editor of the Atlas” should have taken place *at the time only that it was completely and unblushingly false*. For reference to the paper will prove that the advertisement of the “Ramble” with the altered title first appeared in the Atlas after the 25th of March last, at which time the author had ceased to contribute to that journal, although he had supplied nearly all the musical articles from their commencement in 1826 up to that period. The public had long ago identified the author of the “Ramble” with the hand that furnished the musical contributions to the Atlas, and they were right ;—and it could only have been in the hope of persuading them that no change had taken place in that department of the paper, that this advertisement of a forgotten book, with its deceptive title-page appeared.

However it may please the proprietor of the Atlas and of the “Ramble among the Musicians of Germany” to countenance this imposition, it will be our object to

expose and to reprobate it. Who the "Musical Editor of the Atlas" may be we know not, neither do we care, but certain we are that he is *not* the author of our own book.

We need hardly apologize to the reader for the egotism which may appear in this reference to ourselves ;—for the question is an interesting one to the public at large, and more especially to those who either are or may be concerned in the disposal of copyrights. For whatever the law of the case, conscience clearly tells us this : that whenever an author parts with his property in a work to a purchaser, the latter, let him print it, publish it, sell it, and make what money he may by it, has no power to alter one word in it, save to number the editions. The author may have sacrificed all claim to further pecuniary advantage from his book—but he is still intimately concerned in its reputation, and whatever merit may by inference be taken from him and bestowed upon another is a palpable injury.

In the instance of this book we see how anonymous publications may be made subservient to sinister purposes. Our advice to young writers is that to avoid such inconveniences they boldly affix their names to their works. Had we done so, our book might have had less good fortune, but we should at least have prevented it from being made the vehicle of falsehood and deception.

INSTRUMENTALITIES AND VOCALITIES—THEIR COMPARATIVE MERITS.

When we divide music into two kinds, instrumental and vocal, we are apt to overlook the fact, that *vocal music is more than music*—that it is music and something else, viz., *language*. This distinction appears sufficiently obvious ; nevertheless it is not uncommonly disregarded, and we often find confusion from this cause, arising in the minds of those who would be critical on the subject ; especially where comparisons are instituted between the two great departments of the musical art. The poetry of a song may be charming, and the song itself may be charming, and the two together may work a double charm accordingly ; but to make this the text of an argument in favour of the superior claims of "vocal" over "instrumental" music betrays a defect of clear thinking. If the highest effort of *instrumental* music is still not so high an effort as the highest which *vocal* music can make—a proposition which, though in the ordinary sense we are disposed to admit it, is by no means so self-evident, but it may be very handsomely disputed—this is only saying that one source of affection is not as powerful as two sources of affection. But that one is not equal to two, probably nobody will be found to gainsay.

In the only sense which the words themselves justify our attaching to them, "vocal music" certainly cannot be admitted to surpass "instrumental music ;" it cannot even be allowed to equal it. The fair question would be, "What is the effect of vocal music *when stripped of its words and ideas* ?" Let a singer select his most powerful or pathetic song, *denude* it of its poetry, and *solfa* it to one who never heard it before—will the result equal that of the most powerful or pathetic instrumental performance—the Jupiter symphony by the Philharmonic band, or a strain from even the one string of Paganini ? We fear it would not. It would, however, be "vocal music," since it would be *sung*, and it would be *purely* vocal—the *only* purely vocal music, since the voice would be left alone to the exercise of its own magic power, whatever that might be, without having to divide proceeds with its usual partner. The fact is, that the music of vocal music (so to speak), that is to say, the purely musical part of the mixed performance so called, is usually below the average power and efficacy of instrumental music, and could not suffer a divorce like that we have imagined, without discovering the fact.

The question, however, is hardly worth mooted, since it turns wholly on the meaning of a phrase. That which we call "vocal music," with or without any

propriety of diction, may safely be allowed to be the most powerful form of music in use; and it may well be so, seeing that it is usually instrumental and vocal too—to say nothing of poetry and eloquence and human sympathies. We should certainly err, if we ascribe to music solely, as one of its miracles, the overwhelming effect on the mind and faculties produced by such a compound performance as that of a chorus of Handel's, executed in an ancient cathedral by five or six hundred voices and instruments, including the organ, with all the influences of a religious faith, ever ready to kindle into enthusiasm at the solemn vociferation of its sacred truths delivered in the pure and simple text of the Bible. But we should not err, if we regarded in the light of a musical triumph, all the feelings and emotions that might be raised in an audience, by an orchestral symphony of Beethoven's, or a pedal fugue of Bach's.

MUSIC IN NORTH AMERICA.

Annual Reports of the Boston Academy of Music, from 1834 to 1838.

It is no less strange than true, that a country most conspicuous for the gigantic energy of its undertakings in every branch of mechanic science connected with advantages to trade or manufacture—in which expense is a jest, and *impossibility* one of the most trivial of difficulties—that such a country, in fact, as England should be the last in Europe to adopt the principle of universal education in music, or to recognise the influence of such education upon national happiness. The experience of every day more and more confirms us in the belief that music is a social, not a solitary enjoyment: yet the effect of a high state of civilization, which, while it increases individual power by throwing it on its own resources, deprives us of the ability or the inclination to effect any one grand co-operative movement, is so far disadvantageous; and here we are, sensible that with all our instances of individual acquirement, our population is, as a whole, in all the sweet humanities of music, far behind that of many a German village, in which the schoolmaster is the first man in the parish. Even the Americans are before us; and we delight to give them honour due for it. When, to the blessings of a paternal government and good laws, national education in music is superadded, with all its stores of prospective enjoyment, we know not what more can be done to lay the foundation of that happiness which a good man, and a virtuous citizen, can most hope for in his passage through life.

We have not wanted for theories and eloquent sermonizings upon the subject of musical education for the people; we have not wanted writers to assure us that in childhood the ear may be formed, the feeling developed, and the taste cultivated; that our childhood thus trained and moulded, and the common advantages of a good system bestowed upon all, man would be almost universally “a musical animal;” that this explains the national superiority of the Germans in music, &c. What we have had most reason to desiderate is the assistance of *practical* men, who would accomplish for musical, as much as Bell and Lancaster effected in our Sunday-schools towards general, education. And though the subject has been taken up at last experimentally, and children in some Sunday-schools are now taught to sing from notes, yet the plan adopted is so unfounded in scientific principles, and so totally dissimilar from that which has effected great results in Germany, that much will remain to be learned, and more to be unlearned, before this instruction can answer any purpose beyond the mere amusement of its undertaker. Thus it is when the sudden perception of some national want breaks in upon an enthusiastic and active, but not very correctly judging individual. He sets to work with a half view of the case—takes the wrong method, is told so—hears, disregards, and perseveres with a dogged obstinacy proportioned to the narrowness and perplexity of his notions. In such a case, it is a great relief to the spectator to turn his eyes towards another country, whose first steps in musical cultivation are certainly turned in the right direction for improvement, because made on the firm and assured ground of German experience.

The first inclination towards the establishment of a system of public choral instruction in Boston was manifested in 1830, when Mr. L. Mason delivered a lecture on vocal music before the American Institute of Instruction, which was illustrated by the performance of his pupils. At this lecture the following

pleasing account of the effect of musical instruction on the inhabitants of Germany and Switzerland was read :—

"We found that in addition to sacred music, there was a large collection adapted to social life, fitted to cheer the moments of weariness, to cultivate the social and patriotic feelings, and elevate the moral taste, without suggesting one evil thought, or exciting one improper emotion. We had been accustomed to regard the regular pursuit of music, especially of instrumental music, as only suited to professional musicians, or to females; and in our sex, as the mark of a trifling or a feminine mind. It was a new surprise, therefore, to find it the companion of science and philosophy; to hear it declared by one learned professor the most valuable, nay, an indispensable relaxation to his mind; and to find another, in one of the most distinguished universities of Europe, devoting his leisure to the gratuitous instruction of some of its students.

"Our interest in this subject was redoubled, and music was presented in a new light, on visiting the interior of Europe. It was with no small degree of surprise and delight, that we found it in Germany and Switzerland, *the property of the people*, cheering their hours of labour, elevating their hearts above the objects of sense, which are so prone to absorb them, and filling the periods of rest and amusement, with social and moral songs, in place of noise, and riot, and gambling.

"But we were touched to the heart, when we heard its cheering, animating strains echoing from the walls of a school-room, and enlivening the school-boys' hours of play, when we listened to the peasant childrens' songs as they went out to their morning occupation, and saw their hearts enkindled to the highest tones of music and poetry, by the setting sun, or the familiar objects of nature, each of which was made to echo some truth, or point to some duty, by an appropriate song.

"We have heard them singing the 'Harvest hymn,' as they went forth before daylight to gather in the grain. We have seen them assembled in groups at night, chanting a hymn of praise for the glories of the heavens, or joining in some patriotic chorus, or some social melody, instead of the frivolous and corrupting conversation, which so often renders such meetings the source of evil. In addition to this, we visited communities where the youth had been trained from their childhood to exercises in vocal music, of such a character as to elevate, instead of debasing the mind, and have found that it served in the same manner, to cheer their social assemblies, in place of the noise of folly, or the poisoned cup of intoxication. We have seen the young men of such a community assembled to the number of several hundreds, from a circuit of twenty miles: and instead of spending a day of festivity in rioting and drunkenness, pass the whole time, with the exception of that employed in a frugal repast, and a social meeting, in a concert of social, moral, and religious hymns, and devote the proceeds of the exhibition to some object of benevolence. We could not but look back at the contrast presented on similar occasions, in our own country, with a blush of shame. We have visited a village, whose whole moral aspect was changed in a few years by the introduction of music of this character, even among adults; and where the aged were compelled to express their astonishment at seeing the young abandon their corrupting and riotous amusements, for this delightful and improving exercise.

"We could not but ask ourselves the question; 'Shall that which is deemed essential to the education of the poor in Germany, as reading, be thought too expensive a superfluity for the American people? Shall an acquisition, which is found perfectly within the reach of European peasants, which serves to cheer their hours of fatigue and elevate their minds, and soften and purify their hearts, be considered too difficult or too refined, for the yeomanry of the United States?'

"But we were still more surprised at the knowledge of the *science*, which we discovered in the common people. In our early years, we were anxious to understand and possess this power of amusing and exciting, which to some extent we felt. In common with our companions, we attended many successive 'quarters at singing school,' the only privilege allowed to our nobler sex. But there we found ourselves called upon to perform certain mechanical movements, at the sight of certain signs, while we understood neither the reason nor the connexion, of our successive manœuvres of the hand and voice. We attained, in this way,

skill enough to amuse ourselves—to make us wish for more—and especially to make us desire the power of self-improvement. But the whole subject was wrapped up in a mass of technical terms, to which even our knowledge of Latin and Greek gave us no clue. What then was our astonishment, at finding this mystery of mysteries perfectly level to the comprehension of every boy, in a German or Swiss school, and to see them even write music—yes, *write music*—an acquisition which we and our schoolfellows would have deemed a certain evidence of witchcraft in a school-boy; not from dictation only, but from original conception, with nearly as much ease, and as I was told, and should have judged from the performance of these airs, with nearly as much correctness as they could write German. We have been fortunate enough to obtain copies of several songs composed by peasant girls in a village in Switzerland, whose only knowledge in music was derived from the occasional instructions of the pastor."

To the honour of American feeling this statement was not lost upon the auditory. Eager that their youth should participate in the virtuous influences of music an academy was quickly founded, of which Mr. Lowell Mason and Mr. George Webb were nominated joint professors. We need not detain our readers over the minutiae of the plan of this academy, which was (we believe, is) exclusively vocal. Mr. Mason had soon a class of 400 juvenile pupils under his care, while Mr. Webb superintended also 100. Classes almost as numerous were formed in the environs of Boston, the inclination for improvement in music extended to private schools and establishments, and in a short time the whole number of pupils, under the superintendence of the academy, amounted to 1,500. This was tolerable encouragement for the first year. Applications were soon made by persons anxious to become qualified as teachers, but these in the infancy of their exertions, the professors wisely abstained at that time from encouraging.

We shall confine ourselves at present to a mere notice of the results of the institution, during the first year of its establishment. In the perusal of the reports we find so many admirable reflections on music—so much that is interesting and original—the fruit of the musical cultivation of a new soil, and we may even say, of new *natures*, that we have never met with musical writings of a more genuine, unsophisticated interest; and it will give us great pleasure, in successive numbers, to extract from, and remark upon, these reports. America is a country so liberal to artists, that her increased ability to appreciate them becomes matter of importance; and though, as Englishmen, we have a prejudice in favour of our institutions and antiquities, we cannot now and then avoid a foreboding, that in the progress of events the home of the arts may probably be found in the new world.

OBSERVATIONS ON GERMAN MUSIC.

THE Germans excel in instrumental music; the knowledge it demands, and the patience necessary to execute it well, are quite natural to them. Some of their composers possess great variety and fruitfulness of imagination. But there is one objection which I would make to their genius as musicians; they put too much *mind* into their works; they reflect too much on what they are doing. In the fine arts there should be more instinct than thought; the German composers follow too strictly the sense of the words; it is true, that this is a great merit in the opinion of those who love the words better than the music, nor, indeed, can it be denied, that a disagreement between the sense of the one and the expression of the other would be offensive; but the Italians, who are truly the musicians of nature, make the air and the words conform to each other only in a general manner. As in romances and ballads there is not much music, the little that there is may be subjected to the words; but in the great effects of melody, we should endeavour to reach the soul by an immediate sensation.

Those who are not admirers of painting, considered in itself, attach great importance to the subject of a picture; they seek, in contemplating it, to feel the impressions which are produced by dramatic representation. It is the same in respect to music: when its powers are but feebly felt, we expect that it should faithfully conform to every variation of the words; but when the whole soul is affected by it, everything, except the music itself, becomes importunate, and

distracts the attention. Provided there be no opposition between the poetry and the music, we give ourselves up to that art which should always predominate over the rest; for the delightful reverie into which it throws us annihilates all thoughts which may be expressed by words; and music awakening in us the sentiment of infinity, everything which tends to particularize the object of melody must necessarily diminish its effect.

Gluck, whom the Germans with reason rank among their men of genius of the higher order, knew how to adapt his airs to the words in a wonderful manner, and in several of his operas the expression of the music rivals that of the poetry. For instance, when *Alceste* has determined to die for *Admetus*, and when this sacrifice, secretly offered to the gods, has restored her husband to life, the contrast of the joyful airs which celebrate the convalescence of the king, and the stifled groans and lamentations of the queen, who is condemned to quit him, has a fine tragical effect. Again, *Orestes*, in the *Iphigenie en Tauride*, is made to say, "Serenity is restored to my soul," and the air sung by him is expressive of this sentiment, while the accompaniment is full of mournful and agitated feeling. The musicians, astonished at this contrast, endeavoured, in executing it, to soften the accompaniment, when Gluck angrily exclaimed, "You must not hearken to *Orestes*; he tells you he is calm, but he lies." Poussin, in one of his landscapes, representing a dance of shepherdesses, introduces the tomb of a young girl, on which is this inscription—*Et in Arcadia ego*. There is great depth of thought in this mode of treating the arts, and the "I also was an Arcadian," of Poussin, deserves to rank with the anecdote of Gluck above mentioned. But it must not be forgotten, that the arts are superior to thought; their language is colour, form, and sound. If we could form an imagination of the impressions of which our souls would be susceptible without the knowledge of words, we should have a more just idea of the effect produced by painting and music.

Of all musicians, the one, perhaps, who has shown most skill in the art of "marrying" the music to the words, is Mozart. In his operas, and more particularly in his *Don Giovanni*, he makes us sensible of all the gradations of dramatic representation; the songs are, at times, full of life and gaiety, while the strange and loud accompaniment seems to point out the fantastic and gloomy subject of the piece. This ingenious alliance of the musician and the poet inspires a peculiar kind of pleasure; but it is a pleasure which springs from reflection, and that does not belong to the wonderful sphere of the arts.

At Vienna I heard the *Creation* of Haydn performed by four hundred musicians; it was an entertainment worthy to be given in honour of the great work which it celebrated. But I may be allowed to remark, that the very mind of Haydn was sometimes injurious to his talent as a musician. For instance at those words of the text, "God said, let there be light, and there was light," the accompaniment of the instrument was at first so soft as scarcely to be heard, when all at once they broke forth together with a terrible crash, as if to express the sudden burst of light. This gave occasion to a witty remark, "that at the appearance of light it was necessary to stop one's ears."

In several other passages of the *Creation* the same labour of mind is discernible and deserving of censure; the music creeps when the serpents are created, and becomes lively again with the singing of the birds; in the *Seasons* also, the other great work of Haydn, these imitations are found in still greater number. Effects thus prepared beforehand, are, with respect to music, what *concerti* are with relation to good writing. There is no doubt but certain combinations of harmony may remind us of the wonders of nature, but their analogies have nothing to do with imitation, which is no more than a factitious play upon sounds. The real resemblance of the fine arts to each other, as well as to nature, depends on the sentiments of the same kind which they excite in our minds by various means. There is a very wide difference in the fine arts between imitation and expression. It is now pretty generally agreed, I believe, that imitative music should be laid aside; but two different opinions exist relative to expression: some would fain have it to lie in a translation of the words; others (and the Italians are of this number), are contented with a general relation between the situations of the piece and the intention of the airs, and look for the pleasures of the art entirely in the art itself. The music of the Germans is more varied than that of the Italians, and,

in this respect, perhaps, is not so good. The mind is condemned to seek variety, and of this its poverty is perhaps the cause; but the arts, like sentiment, have an admirable monotony, which one would willingly concentrate into one everlasting moment.

Church music is not so fine in Germany as in Italy, because the instrumental part is suffered to predominate. To him who has heard the famed *Miserere* performed at Rome by voices only, all instrumental music, not excepting that of the chapel of Dresden, will appear terrestrial. Violins and trumpets form part of the orchestra at that place during divine service, and consequently the music has much more of a warlike than of a religious character; the contrast between the lively emotions which it excites, and the recollections suited to the solemnity of the temple, is in the highest degree discordant. We should not bring animated life to the foot of the tomb; and military music leads us to sacrifice existence, not to detach us from it. The music of the chapel at Vienna is deserving of great praise. Of all the arts, music is that which the people of Vienna most value; this leads us to hope that at some future day they will also become poets: it is true that, at present, their taste is somewhat prosaic; but the hope of better things is not lost, for whoever really loves music is an enthusiast, though he may not know it; and it is impossible for the mind to be open to all the sentiments which music recalls to it, without catching a portion of inspiration.

While at Vienna I heard the *Requiem* of Mozart, which, though composed for so different a purpose, was sung over the tomb of him who traced its last notes with his expiring hand. It struck me as not being sufficiently solemn for the occasion, though, like all the rest of the compositions of this master, it abounds with passages of great beauty and expression. What can be more affecting and impressive than the idea of a man of superior genius thus celebrating his own obsequies, inspired at the same time by the sentiment of his death and of his immortality! The recollections of life ought to decorate the tomb: it is thus we see the arms of the departed hero suspended over his place of rest; and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art cause a peculiarly solemn impression in the temple where the remains of the artist are consigned to repose.—*Madame de Staël*.

REVIEW.

Mozart's Pianoforte Works. Chefs d'œuvre de Mozart. A new and correct edition of the Pianoforte Works, with and without accompaniment, of this celebrated composer. Edited by Cipriani Potter. Nos. 18 to 20.

No. 18 consists of an air, with variations in F 3-4, upon one of those little tunes to which the suburban theatres of Vienna (the favourite resort of the lovers of mirth and comicality) sometimes communicate an extensive popularity. The title of the air, "Ein weib ist das herrlichste ding," which we should render "A woman is the *charmingest* thing," bespeaks its origin. It is a theme so complimentary to the sex, and we may add, in the abstract and ideal so true, that even the most prosing variations, by a hand far less celebrated than that of Mozart, would have some attractions for the fair pianiste. Here, however, the female world may rejoice in a light, elegant, and pleasing production that has no difficulties, and appropriate their own part in the gallant admission of a great man. We see Mozart with a smile on his face in this humorous little work; for his graver assertions of the same sentiment we must look to the grand airs of the Countess in Figaro, &c.

No. 20, contains a duet for two performers in G 2-4. It is so easy, as to be within the compass of very juvenile players, whom, however, its arid nature and pleasing dispersions of harmony cannot fail to initiate in a good style. There is something likewise to do in both parts, which will prevent the second player from falling into the indolence of the mere accompanist. Both numbers may be strongly recommended to those who are occupied in the education of pianoforte players.

Here's Health to the Queen of England. Words by J. Carpenter, Esq.; composed by N. G. Sparle.

As winter approaches, the market for loyal and patriotic sentiment becomes brisker in proportion as the increased revolutions of the genial glass make the

necessity for "healths" and toasts more imminent. The lyre of N. J. Spörle appears to us admirably attuned to the lofty theme he has chosen. With accurate knowledge of the constitution of man, as well as of the general demands of a tavern song, he has constructed his solo on those notes of the voice, which in tenor-singers, ordinarily command the most extensive resources of the lungs. By turns energetic, subdued, patriotic, and tender, the singer carries his auditory with him, and these again, on the cadence, are, in their turn, permitted to burst in in a short but pithy chorus. At the conclusion, we plainly see every right arm waving its glass in the air, and thus all the necessities of the occasion are anticipated with a truth of feeling, and a dramatic power that do the highest honour to the festive genius of Spörle.

Dreams of Memory. A scena, the words by Miss Hubbard, the music composed, and respectfully dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. the Countess of Shrewsbury, by Robert Barnett, Student of the Royal Academy of Music.

The opening recitative makes a statement to this effect:—

"When the spirit sinks, and the heart grows dull,
I will summon a dream of the beautiful."

In pursuance of this resolution, two women's faces are conjured up; the first "a lovely vision"—"dove-like eyes"—"marble brow," &c.; the second "a beaming face, all light and love," which, however, vanishes like "a gleaming flash;" and this word "flash" has given place to a conclusion of such extraordinary and misplaced energy, that though the song is about nothing on earth but the features of ladies, it ends as if there were some battle or storm, at least, in hand. To adapt the style to the subject is of the first importance in writing for the voice; for it is in this, beyond any other sort of composition, that the narrow step from the pathetic to the ridiculous is most easily made. It is therefore necessary that the young composer should take a complete view of what he has to express; and that he confine himself to the general sentiment of the poetry in its various shades, without being drawn aside to commit the error of illustrating words. In other respects, Mr. Barnett deserves credit. His accent is correct, and his feeling for melody classical and pure; at the same time, we must confess we find no indications of originality in this production. The progressions of both melody and accompaniment are alike venerable for antiquity and association.

The Peace of Home. Ballad, the poetry written by George Linley, Esq.; the music composed by Jules Benedict.

We see nothing in this beyond the prose of existence, and the dead pool of sensation. Without one breath of passion or romance, without any thing to transport one beyond the common-places of life, we look upon a dull dreary hymn to domesticity to be the subject, of all others, the most calculated to raise the horrors. Household virtues are but scurvy themes for songs: we fear little is to be effected in that style when some scapegrace passion, or the idea of some pleasing impropriety does not animate the cold genius of the author.

Like Music on the Waters. The Poetry by Lord Byron. The Music by James Clarke.

This song, which will suit a mezzo-soprano voice, is set with elegance and simplicity. The melody, if not very original, is often well harmonized; the words are well expressed, and the cadences and repose of the voice judiciously selected. The one in G minor, in the fourth page, is very pretty. The whole composition is creditable to the talents of Mr. James Clarke.

Farewell awhile, my Native Isle. Song, written and sung by Mr. Wilson, composed by Mr. Austin Phillips, and (with permission) dedicated to the Directors of the Great Western Steam Ship Company, and to Lieut. James Hosken, R.N., Commander.

A composition made on board the Great Western may be thought worthy the attention by those who are interested in the curiosities of music. No great difference, however, appears on the face of the thing between the inspiration of of

cabin and the drawing-room. In both places the pianoforte lends the not unimportant aid of its chords; in both places memory produces her ever accessible stores, and every where, songs that appear to be effective are produced without the expenditure of a single idea. Of this the composition before us affords a pregnant illustration.

Forget Thee! No, Never. Song, sung by Mr. Frazer, in the *Devil's Opera*, performed at the Theatre Royal English Opera House. The Music composed by G. A. Macfarren.

An energetic symphony introduces this song for a tenor voice, the style of which almost recalls that of Weber in *Oberon*. There is much merit in the construction of the vocal and instrumental parts; perfect independence joined to symmetry in each, and complete unity in the whole show the experienced writer. The orchestral accompaniments are no doubt brilliant and effective. We like the employment of the thin harmony in the last stave of page 7; the passage from the C natural to the A sharp against D in the vocal part is well conceived. The change from the chord of F natural to the sharp 6-4 on A in the next page, however, conveys to our ears nothing but a sense of abruptness and want of connexion. There is, on the whole, a very praiseworthy ambition of novelty conspicuous throughout the whole song.

In my Bosom dwells a Sorrow. Sung by Mrs. E. Seguin, &c., in the *Devil's Opera*. The Music composed by G. A. Macfarren.

The opening movement is simple, vocal, and expressive, and harmonized, moreover, with considerable elegance. The second movement allegretto 6-8 is light and playful, but less original. The accompaniment reminds us of some of the modern German masters, Spohr and Weber.

I come from the Realms of Cloudless Blue. Canzonet, sung by Mrs. E. Seguin and Miss P. Horton, in the *Devil's Opera*. The Music composed by G. A. Macfarren.

We have no doubt but that this piece creates a very agreeable effect in the orchestra, with its violoncello obligato. The design of the canzonet before us is on a small scale, but the whole is very pleasing, melodious, and graceful.

Transporting Moment. Duetto, sung by Miss Rainforth and Mr. Barnett, in the *Devil's Opera*. The Music composed by G. A. Macfarren.

A rapturous duet, better suited perhaps for dramatic than for private performance. Being, however, very good music, we recommend it, together with most of the other pieces in this opera, to all those who are in search of good and new English songs. There is, altogether, more novelty and talent in the "*Devil's Opera*" than in any native dramatic work that has come under our notice.

G. A. Macfarren's Overture to the Devil's Opera. Arranged for Two Performers on the Piano Forte, by J. W. Davison.

Estimating this work as well as we can by a glance at the arrangement, we venture to commend it on the score of originality and effect.

FOREIGN MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

PRAGUE.—The first concert of the Society of Composers (*Tonkünstler Gesellschaft*) took place lately in the music-hall of Count Waldstein, under the direction of Dionysius Weber. The chorus and orchestra consisted of about one hundred and fifty persons. In this concert, which brought the old and new styles into juxtaposition, chronological order was preserved, and a satisfactory view of German art, during a course of fifty or sixty years, afforded. The performance opened with the impressive and classical work of Gluck, the overture to *Iphigenia in Aulis*, which met with an enthusiastic reception, though every one felt the melancholy conviction that modern art has not made one step in advance of what

Gluck has here accomplished. A chorus from *Alceste* created great effect from the unusual power of voices; this was just what might be desired for the music of Gluck, who has taken infinite pains with the voice parts of his choruses, far more than the moderns are now in the habit of doing. Vogler's overture to *Castor and Pollux* portrays the strife betwixt the sons of Aphareus; a funeral march indicates the moment when Castor falls, but the noise of battle still continues until Pollux has revenged his brother by the death of Ida. When the Abbé Vogler directed his own opera here, he had a military drum to accompany this part of the overture; the work is altogether highly original and interesting; it was particularly so to those who remembered its first production under the conduct of the author. The final fugue out of Mozart's "Davidde penitente" has long been acknowledged as the queen of fugues, although the Berlin correspondent of the "New Musical Journal" appears never to have heard it, as he places Mozart and Haydn, as contrapuntists, in an inferior rank to Beethoven! Winter's overture to *Zaira* did not stand unworthily by the side of the first heroes of the musical art. It had very considerable effect, although some nervous persons who sat near the orchestra, appeared to be overpowered by it. The chorus at the end of the second act of the *Creation*, and Ritter von Seyfried's overture to *Faust* followed. A Psalm of Spohr—a vocal chorus, and the only thing performed without accompaniment—was given with great precision, and much enjoyed by the connoisseurs, though hearers of another kind seemed to take less interest in it. The finale was formed by the overture to Lindpainter's opera *Die macht des Liedes*, (the power of song) an excellent, well-imagined work, and not ill selected to exhibit the spirit of modern, compared with that of ancient music. Perhaps the contrast would have been more piquant had the selection not been confined to German compositions.

VIENNA.—Liszt's performance on the piano created a greater fanaticism here than has been known since the time of Paganini. The musical population of this city are inclined to make the most of extraordinary occasions, and when they get any thing really wonderful, place no bounds to their enthusiasm. Critics, whom their profession itself should sober and chasten, run as wild as the rest. Thus, for example, one writer celebrates Liszt in the following terms:—"He is a camelion—a true musical Shakspeare, alike great and unapproachable in the tender and sorrowful, the grand and majestic, in graceful sweetness and awful mystery, in jest and in earnest, in the sock or the buskin—in short, such is his overwhelming power—such is the promethean torch of his genius, that he has made proselytes to the piano out of its most declared enemies: the instrument has become his slave; he strikes it with irresistible power, and it begins to sing as it never sang before." The fact is, that during Liszt's visit to Vienna, he was much feted; many dinners were given, at which right Sillery flowed in streams; and it is more than probable, that it was after one of these, the eloquent eulogy above was penned. But there is another reason for the popularity of Liszt beyond that of his being an extraordinary player, and a boon companion. He is one of those rare performers, who having acquired an immense reputation, seek no means to enhance it by making themselves precious and inaccessible. It was no difficult matter to get him to play. The lightest wish of any friend of art was sufficient; and he would remain at the piano by the hour. He gave several charitable performances, played twice at court, in many drawing rooms of the nobility, at the houses of artists, in the factories of pianoforte-makers, and in his own chamber. His six concerts, and a *soirée musicale*, were thronged, and produced both applause and profit. In his performances of the various masters, he observed towards each a strict propriety of character. He played the sonatas in A flat and C sharp minor, and the grand trio of Beethoven, the septet in D minor of Hummel, several songs of Schubert with the voice part arranged, various compositions of his own, among which we may notice a study in A flat, and a galoppe chromatique; the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, *I Marinari*, and *La Tarentella*, of Rossini; the sonata in A flat of C. Czerny; studies and fugues of Moscheles, Chopin, Kessler, Handel, and Scarlatti; fragments of the *Sinfonie Fantastique* of Berlioz; the Concert-stück and invitation to waltz of Weber, and these last with so stormy an energy, that the public unanimously cried *Da capo*.

Not being able to resist the call of a thousand voices, he resumed; and taking a thought merely out of the middle movement he extemporised upon it, intro-

ducing such incomprehensible interweavings of the fingers, such rapid crossings of the hands, such singular effects of the pedal, such doublings, such runs of octaves and tenths, that when he finished there was an explosion of wonder and enthusiasm greater than we ever remember in a concert-room. The power of Liszt is really gigantic. At sixteen years old, he was able to master the most difficult concertos of Hummel with ease, and his regular application since that age has brought him a constant increase of power. The effect of his performance at Vienna has certainly been such as to unseat Thalberg from the throne of the piano. Before he quitted Vienna, a parting dinner was given, at which the company sat up till morning, toasting, &c. Liszt, then wrapped in his cloak, threw himself into his carriage, but was surprised at the end of the first stage by a party of friends, who had hastened before him for the gratification of "more last words." Such was his success in Vienna. His portrait has been engraved.

WITTENBERG.—A grand musical festival, under the direction of Dr. F. Schneider, lately took place in the great church of this city. The well-known oratorio of Absalom by Schneider, occupied the first day. The only drawback to the perfect effect of this work was the too great resonance of the church, which notwithstanding the immense assemblage of performers and hearers, was still but too perceptible. A public dinner was given after the performance. This ceremony, which has lately been observed throughout Germany, added not a little to the zest of the occasion; as it not unfrequently happens, that the Herr Doktor who presides over the orchestra, transfers his presidency to the punch-bowl, without any remission of his dignity. Schneider possesses all the bon-homme of the true musician, and is equally a lover of chords and cordialities. On the second day there was a grand concert in M. Meinert's music-room. An immense audience testified their pleasure in the selection. The orchestral pieces were Beethoven's Sinfonia in C minor, Weber's jubilee overture, and F. Schneider's overture on the Dessau march. Two violoncellists—Drechsler and B. Schneider, performed a duet MS. by Dotzauer; Maurer's concerto for four violins was performed by Messrs. Lindner, Bartels (brothers), and Appel; and M. Tausch played a concertino for the clarionet by Weber. Two new songs by Schneider, with accompaniment for piano and horns, and piano and violoncello, were sung by members of the choir of Dessau. Madames Rust and Brückner also distinguished themselves. The festival entirely answered its object.

JENA.—The fourth festival of the Choral Society of Jena suffered a little this year through unfavourable weather. Instead of 400, and sometimes 500 singers, as we have sometimes mustered from the surrounding neighbourhood, we had but 250 on this occasion, but fortunately gained in clearness and precision what we lost in strength. The pieces were selected with judgment;—there was found among them none of those crude schoolboy works, which, while they may flatter the egotism of the young author by the magnificence of tone and power, try the patience of both singers and hearers at these vocal congresses. Everything now given was of long-standing and well-approved merit. We heard Die eherne Schlange of Lowe, a very effective composition written for Jena some years ago, and now revived by general desire, two excellent works of B. Klein, a Motet of Schicht, a Psalm, effective in some places, but rather long on the whole, by Girschner, and part of a psalm by Lägél. This last, though written in great haste, scarcely a week being allowed for it, was a happy effort, designed chiefly to show off the brilliant voice and tasteful style of the composer's daughter, Madlle. Elvira Lägél, by giving her a solo, accompanied by a chorus of men. This composition, to which the author, already known by many excellent cantatas, had only been induced by an accidental journey through the city, was received with general applause. The pure and powerful voice of Madlle. Lägél made its way finely through the accompanying voices, and relieved the monotony of the male choruses, which began to be felt at the end of a three hours' performance, by something as new in effect as it was beautiful. To support such a part in so large a church as ours, to fill the building, the tone, and to satisfy the hearer, demand rare qualities in the singer. We hope that the talents of this young lady will be enjoyed in many other cities of Germany.

PROVINCIAL.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. Hayward and Mr. Hay are getting up concerts here, on the plan of the Chamber Concerts, which Blagrove, Lucas, Dando, and Gattie, gave in London: and they calculate on assistance from London *via* Birmingham, by the railroad; for professional persons, to whom time is an object, may go *pres-tissimo* in the afternoon from the metropolis, perform at the concert at Wolverhampton, and return home to breakfast next morning.

WALES.—A concert was given lately at Newtown, in Montgomeryshire, under the patronage of the officers of the Yeomanry Cavalry of that county, which was extremely well attended. The performances of Miss Wigley, of Shrewsbury, on the pianoforte; Mr. Hayward, of Wolverhampton, on the violin; and Mr. Cart of London, on the flute, elicited the greatest applause. Miss Grant, of the Liverpool Theatre, sang several songs very nicely, and took the soprano part of several glees with some vocalists from Manchester, who acquitted themselves extremely well.

NEWLAND.—At the reopening of the organ in the splendid church at this beautiful little village mentioned in our last, Miss Shaw, of Monmouth, a pupil of Sir G. Smart, kindly volunteered her services to add to the attractions of the day. To her was assigned the difficult solo "I know that my Redeemer liveth." This young lady possesses a soprano voice of extraordinary power and compass. For her age she has attained a considerable degree of execution, and evinces talent of no common order. Her ear is correct, and her voice is remarkably true. She gave also, in a very unaffected manner, the exquisite solo, "How beautiful are the feet." We should augur from this day's specimen of her abilities that Miss Shaw bids fair to be an ornament to the profession which she has adopted.—*Gloucester Chronicle*.

BRECON.—The meeting of the New Cymreigyddion Society, on the 15th inst., was respectably and numerously attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. Miss Susan Pritchard, of Crickhowell, elicited great applause, by her very able performance on the triple harp, won by her at the Cymreigyddion Society, held last week at Abergavenny. She was accompanied by Abraham Evans, of Liverpool, Joseph Williams, of Holywell, and Gwilym Gellideg, who sang pennillion in a very masterly manner.—*Carmarthen Journal*.

LEEDS.—These unrivalled performers on the trumpet (the Distins) gave a concert last evening, in the Music Hall, on which occasion they performed a selection of their most admired concerted pieces, duets, &c. to a fashionable and tolerably numerous audience. They were assisted by Miss Fanny Russell, principal vocalist of the nobility's concerts, Bath, and Mr. Hopkinson, of this town. The frequent encores testified that the performances gave entire satisfaction. The band of the 9th Royal Lancers were in the orchestra, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

NEWBURY.—As we anticipated, the lovers of music have been afforded a rich treat in the concert given by Mr. Corrie on Tuesday last at the Mansion House. Our remarks, where all was so splendidly successful, may be considered unnecessary, but we cannot be so ungallant as to pass over the very happy style of performance of Miss Bruce, without saying that she was deservedly applauded in all her pieces—in "Kate Kearney" she was most enthusiastically encored, and did justice to the beautiful melody in the Scotch ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," which was most exquisitely sung. The Laughing Terzetto—Miss Bruce, Mr. Leach, and Mr. Corrie, was received and encored with tremendous applause. The concertina in the hands of Senor Regondi was beautiful beyond expression. Mr. Tull on the flute proved himself a first-rate flautist, and his flute solo and the trio between him and Mr. Corrie, two flutes, and Mr. C. Blagrove, piano, gave great satisfaction. From the known and acknowledged talent of Mr. Corrie, it is unnecessary for us to comment upon, except that, in his concerto violin on one string, *a la* Paganini, he was eminently successful. The concert was most ably conducted by Mr. C. Blagrove, and we were happy to notice amongst the company present, the Countess Dowager of Craven, Lady Louisa Craven, Mr. Villebois, Mrs. Bebb, and most of the fashionables of the surrounding neighbourhood. We believe that Mr.

Corrie is at present making arrangements for something to "pass away a dull winter's eve in December," and from the spirit he has hitherto displayed, we have no doubt he will meet with that success and patronage he so richly deserves.—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

NORWICH.—In the most palmy days of the Festival the Messiah has scarcely ever been more fully attended than on Thursday evening, when the New Choral Society gave their first concert. Upon looking back to the period when the spirit out of which these performances arose was first excited, those who first fanned the flame may justly feel some exultation at the musical results which have been produced. When the Birmingham Festival was first proposed and carried out with a magnificence eclipsing even the grandeur of York, there was no one who then would have ventured to anticipate that Norfolk would rival the perfection of both through the public spirit of its people, the zeal of the amateurs, and the practiced skill of the professors. Yet such has been the case—and even if in the present instance we do not possess the public spirit or the pecuniary means of either Birmingham or York, we can at least point with greater pride to our preponderance of native talent. It was but last Thursday that the Mechanics' Institution of Birmingham gave two performances for the benefit of the institution in their own Hall. Sir George Smart conducted. Braham, Miss Birch, W. Lindley, and a host of the first London talent were engaged. The morning performance was the Messiah. Fifteen hundred persons attended the morning, three thousand the evening concerts. The tickets were somewhat above our subscription. We attempt not to put our native vocalists, many of them amateurs, or the effects of our band, in competition with that of Birmingham. There is a great and just distinction to be taken between the opportunities of professors and amateurs. In the present instance the Committee had the good fortune to be most handsomely and kindly assisted by Sir George Smart, who being on a visit in Norfolk, immediately proffered his services upon the application of a mutual friend. The musical portion of the inhabitants of this county, and indeed not only of this county but of England generally, have now been for too many years acquainted with the talent, tact, acquirement, and consummate power of this first conductor in Europe, not to be fully alive to the importance of his presence to the Society's concert. From the first announcement of his coming a zeal was manifested in the whole chorus and band, which gave increased impetus to their labours. That the public knew the full value of Sir George Smart's presence is to be seen in the attendance, for we scarcely ever remember a more distinguished audience even at a festival. Mr. Harper, the justly celebrated trumpet player, also offered his services to the Committee, "from personal respect to Mr. Buck."

It falls not within our intention to criticise particularly every singer, further than that to Miss Morris (pupil of Mr. Trory, the chorus master), the first place is most justly due, not because she is of that sex whose precedence is admitted, but because she sung with a purity of tone, perfection of tune, and a style, execution, and manner that justly entitled her to the first place. Her self-possession, a *plomb*, and unaffected deportment must also on all occasions gain for her (even if not possessing the talents which are her acknowledged due), the approbation of any audience. Masters Furze and Thirtle, pupils of Mr. Buck, sang beautifully, while the brilliancy of the voice, chastity of style, and perfect command of the former, were a source of great pleasure; the latter, though so young a performer, and scarce a cubit in height, made a deep impression by the pathos and feeling he exhibited in the recitative "Then shall the Eyes," and the air "He shall Feed." Mr. Cox gave "He was Despised" with that finish and purity for which he is so justly distinguished. Messrs. Hayden and Smith sang with greater energy and power than we before remember; and if the difficulties and number of the songs which fall to the lot of the tenor and bass be considered, their performance may be justly declared most creditable to both. The quartetts also went well, as did the pastoral symphony.

We never remember to have heard Mr. Harper more triumphant than in his accompaniment to "The Trumpet shall Sound." The beauty, brilliancy, and perfection of his glorious tone was at times overpowering. How much more would Handel have composed for the trumpet could he have foretold that such a performer would have existed. The execution was indeed perfection.

The chorusses, generally speaking, went exceedingly well. They wanted, when at their utmost pitch, a much larger band to assist in their control. Their power carried all before them, even that most splendid organ, over which Mr. Buck presided, and whose good taste led him to make use of the pedals only where they were most required. Mr. Fish led with zeal and energy, of which all the band partook. About twelve hundred persons were present.—*Norwich Mercury*.

HEREFORD.—Miss Woodyatt gave her annual concert at this (her native) town on Tuesday evening; the principal singers announced were, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss Woodyatt, Mr. W. Knyvett, and Mr. Machin. Leader, Mr. Loder; conductor, Mr. Hunt. Mr. G. F. Kollmann was to perform a concerto and fantasia on one of his improved pianofortes, which had been sent down expressly for the occasion. Miss Woodyatt was to sing Cherubini's "Ave Maria," accompanied on the clarinet by Mr. Williams; the vocal portion of the programme lacked novelty.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Ashton's first subscription concert will take place at Liverpool on the 18th of December, the second at Manchester on the 26th, and the third and fourth on the 8th and 9th, or 9th and 10th of January. Engagements have been offered to Miss Birch, Miss Bruce, Miss Hawes, Miss Wyndham, Messrs. Bennett, Parry, jun., and Phillips; we are glad to hear that the concerts are likely to be very well supported at both places.

COURT CIRCULAR.

On Tuesday morning the Queen, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the whole of the royal suite, attended divine service at St. George's Chapel. The service was Kings in F. The anthem, "I have built thee an house" (Dr. Boyce). Mr. Elvey presided at the organ.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. T. COOKE has been suffering severely for some time from a rheumatic attack, from which he is fast recovering.

MISS ROMER.—We can scarce credit the report, that a near relative to Miss Romer, whose name she ought to bear, insisted on her appearing in *Cinderella* and the *Sonnambula* at Drury Lane Theatre, on the alternate nights of Madame Albertazzi's performance. That she did appear, and to empty benches, we all know; we regret this, for it cannot possibly do this talented vocalist any good, but much harm. By-the-bye, we have been informed that John Barnett composed an opera expressly for Miss Romer and Mr. Phillips, which was highly spoken of by all who heard it played over; but the lady requested that some parts should be altered, when the composer very justly observed, that she must sing the music as he had written it, or not sing it at all; the latter course has been unwisely chosen by Miss Romer; so that there is no probability of an Opera from the composer of *The Mountain Sylph* being brought out at present.

RUBINI.—Accident recently threw into the hands of a musical amateur an Italian Opera bill, in which the *Impressario* of the Milan Theatre announced, at the opening of the season of 1812, the names of the individuals composing his company. The last name on the list of second tenors for the chorus is that of Giambatista Rubini. The humble chorister was at that time a lad between sixteen and seventeen. He was born in May, 1796. His father was a mail courier at Bergamo, a place which had received the appellation of *La Citta degli Tenori*. It is a singular fact that Bergamo has been the birth-place of all the famous tenors which Italy has produced during the last half century: for example—Vignaoni, Bianchi, Nourri, Bordogni, Donzelli, the two Davids, father and son, and the three brothers Rubini. It is curious to mark the change which has taken place in the position of our favourite Rubini during the interval of twenty-eight years. The last of the second tenors in the Opera chorus of Milan in 1812 has been, for several years past, the first tenor singer in Europe. He is the lord of a fine estate, and has lodged his aged father in a palace.

TO MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

Circumstances have obliged us to omit the Weekly List of Publications in the present number. We must request that those who send lists of their works will distinguish the vocal from the instrumental, write the titles *legibly*, and not repeat, from week to week, the same work. Hitherto there has been infinite trouble to the printer, and many useless repetitions made from the non-observance of this rule.

ERRATA.

In our leading article of last week, for "admiring the new life"—read "admiring *at* the new life."
In the Notice of the Madrigal Society, for "fair Phoralis"—read "fair *Thoralis*." For "stopped the performance before it was gone through"—read "half gone through." For "at the very time almost that we are writing"—read "*were* writing." This passage refers to the article on Purcell, in the preceding number.

For "choice books of Boyce and Croft"—read "choir books."
In the Review, for "irrelevant or trivial matter"—read "irrelevant;" and for "Laputian philosophers"—read "Laputan philosophers."

Strongly impressed with the necessity for correct typography in any work dedicated to science and art, we take notice of these errors chiefly for the purpose of assuring our readers, that as far as the haste of periodical writing will permit, our best attention shall be given to prevent any offence to the eye or ear in such respects in future. We shall not be able to unite pleasure and profit, which is the grand object of our lucubrations, in the degree to which we aspire, until this correctness is attained.

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